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SILENT HILL

DYING INSIDE



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SILENT HILL: DYING INSIDE #3



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KONAMI

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THERE... THERE
ARE BODIES

05:54 PM

"DEAD PEOPLE
EVERYWHERE."



05:58 PM



FIRES.
BUILDINGS
BLOWN
DOWN.

AND
THINGS

06:03 PM



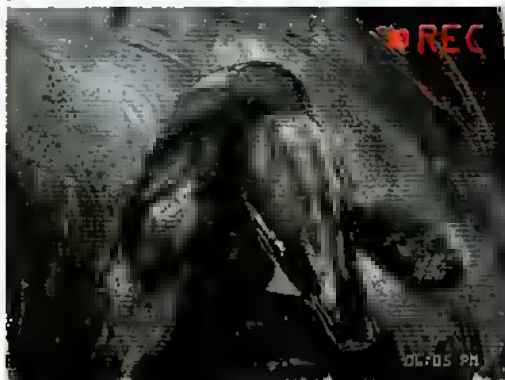
"I DON'T KNOW
WHAT THEY ARE."

"PLEASE,
HELP ME."

"PLEASE, GOD, I
CAN'T DIE LIKE
THIS. NOT HERE."

"NOT LIKE THIS."

"PLEASE."



"YAHHHH!"

"NO!"



"FUCKER!"



"DIE, YOU
FUCKING—"





WHHHMMMM WHHHMMMM



GETTING
OUT OF HERE.
NOW.



"ABOUT THE ONLY THING SHE
DIDN'T STEAL FROM BLAIR
WITCH IS JAMMING THE
CAMERA UP HER NOSE AND
SAYING, 'I'M SO SCARED.'"



BUT IT'S
STILL PRETTY
GOOD SHIT.



THE MARKINGS.
THEY'RE WHAT'S
IMPORTANT.



WELCOME
TO HELL.
EVERYONE. TIME
TO HAVE SOME
FUN.



AND MAKE
A FUCKLOAD
OF CASH.

MY DAD SAYS SOMETIMES YOU DON'T
EVEN KNOW YOU'RE LOOKING FOR
SOMETHING UNTIL YOU'VE FOUND IT.



THIS PLACE
IS CREEPY AS
FUCK. WORSE
THAN MY PARENT'S
BEDROOM.



UM...
LAURYN? COULD
YOU EXPLAIN IT TO
ME AGAIN? WE'RE
GONNA GET RICH
HOW EXACTLY?



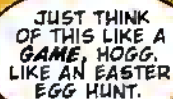
TWO YEARS AGO I
WAS A **CHEERLEADER**.
BLONDE. POPULAR.



LAST YEAR I WAS IN MATH CLUB.
HEADED THE **DEBATE** TEAM.



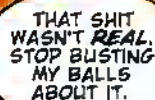
NOW...



JUST THINK
OF THIS LIKE A
GAME, HOGG.
LIKE AN EASTER
EGG HUNT.



YEAH, WITH
MONSTERS.



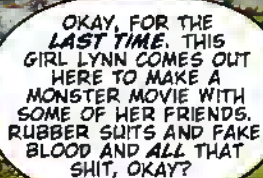
THAT SHIT
WASN'T **REAL**.
STOP BUSTING
MY BALLS
ABOUT IT.



I'M THINKING I MAY GO TO COLLEGE
IN **FRANCE** NEXT YEAR AND **MODEL**.



JUST FOR SHITS.



OKAY, FOR THE
LAST TIME. THIS
GIRL LYNN COMES OUT
HERE TO MAKE A
MONSTER MOVIE WITH
SOME OF HER FRIENDS.
RUBBER SUITS AND FAKE
BLOOD AND ALL THAT
SHIT, OKAY?

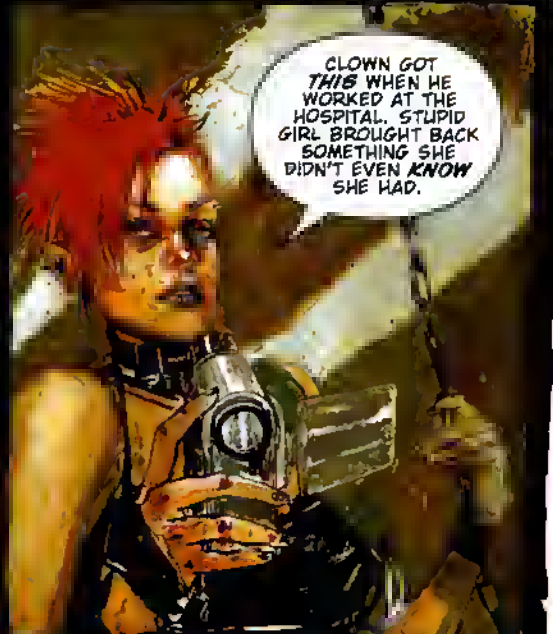


THEN
SOMETHING
GOES
WRONG.



SHE ENDS UP
INSTITUTIONALIZED.
THE DOCTORS THINK
MAYBE SHE WAS
RAPED. GANG RAPED.
SAW A MURDER OUT
HERE. I FIGURE HER
BUDDIES TURNED
ON HER.

HONESTLY, I
COULD GIVE A SHIT
WHAT HAPPENED
TO HER.



CLOWN GOT
THIS WHEN HE
WORKED AT THE
HOSPITAL. STUPID
GIRL BROUGHT BACK
SOMETHING SHE
DIDN'T EVEN **KNOW**
SHE HAD.



SOMEONE
CAME THROUGH
HERE.

SOMEONE
WROTE ALL
THIS INSIDE AND
OUTSIDE THESE
BUILDINGS.

NONE
OF IT MAKES
ANY SENSE, I
UNDERSTAND
THAT.




UNLESS
YOU HAVE
THIS.



THIS IS JUST
A CHEAP COPY I
GOT OFF EBAY.
THERE ARE ONLY
THREE ORIGINALS
LEFT IN THE
WORLD.


IT GOES
BACK
THOUSANDS
OF YEARS.

THINGS YOU MIGHT NOT GUESS
ABOUT ME: I WEAR HELLO KITTY
JAMS TO BED EVERY NIGHT.




I LIKE COUNTRY
MUSIC. THE CLASSIC
NASHVILLE SINGERS...
THEY'RE THE GREAT
OLD ONES TO ME.

EVOCATIONS,
SPELLS OF POWER.
RAISE DEMONS.
RAISE GODS.



IF IT WEREN'T
FOR ME, MY KID
SISTER WOULD
STILL BE ALIVE.




IT'S ALL
RIDDLES, LIKE
THAT SYMBOL ON THE
CRAPPER? IT MEANS
COCYTUS, THE NINTH
CIRCLE OF HELL, WHERE
THOSE SIX DEMONS WHOSE
NAMES WERE IN THE
VIDEO DID TIME FOR
ATTEMPTING A
TAKEOVER.

THOSE
NAMES WERE
ONLY HINTED AT IN
THE BOOK. NO ONE'S
GOT THE ANSWERS...
EXCEPT WHOEVER
SPRAY-PAINTED
THEM ALL OVER
THIS TOWN.

RAISE THE
DEAD

AND NOW
US.

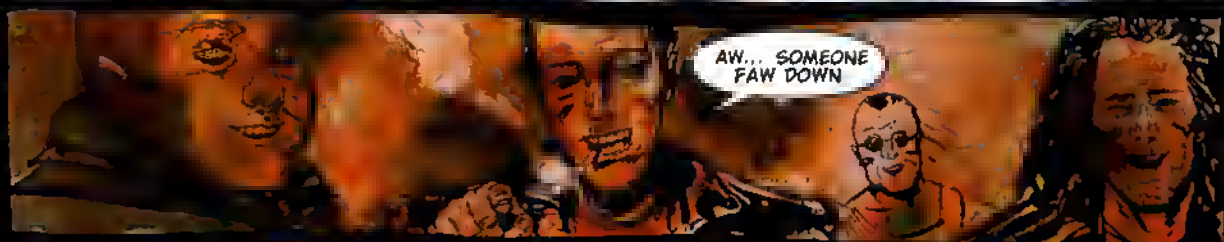


THERE'S
THESE GUYS.
BILLIONAIRES. THEY
THINK THIS STUFF'S REAL.
THEY'D PAY ANYTHING FOR
WHAT WE'VE GOT STARING
US IN THE FACE. SO WE GO
THROUGH AND WRITE IT
ALL DOWN. SELL IT
TO THEM.

AND MAYBE,
Y'KNOW... TRY A
COUPLE OF THESE
SPELLS OURSELVES
BEFORE WE GO.
JUST FOR FUN
AND—



SHIT!



AW... SOMEONE
FAW DOWN



YUH,
RIGHT.



CLOWN...

HOGG, THAT'S
ENOUGH!



I WAS
JUST GETTIN'
STARTED...

THIS IS
BULLSHIT!
GODDAMN EASTER
EGG HUNT. JESUS.
WHAT ARE WE,
LIKE, TEN OR
SOME FUCKIN'
THING?

WHO
WANTS TO
GIVE ME A
RIDE?



YOU'RE GONNA DO THIS? FINE. I'LL FUCKING WALK.

CLOWN. RAYMOND J. FOCH. MY BOYFRIEND. ARMY BRAT. MENSA CLUB IQ. HAD A BRAINGASM WATCHING STEPHEN KING'S "IT." THINKS THE WORLD SHOULD BE RUN BY EVIL CLOWNS (I KEEP TELLING HIM IT ALREADY IS).

WANTS TO OPEN A BED AND BREAKFAST WHEN WE GRADUATE, WITH A LITTLE RESTAURANT INSIDE WHERE HE CAN BE THE CHEF.

LAURYN, UM... YOU DIDN'T MENTION THE GIRL.

YOU DIDN'T MENTION WHAT I SAW HAPPENING TO THE GIRL.

I LOVE YOU, CLOWN.

IT WAS CHANGING. IT WAS...




I LOVE YOU. JUST TRUST ME, OKAY?

WE HAVE TO BE HERE. THIS HAS TO BE DONE. ALL THE REST OF THAT STUFF, THE GIRL, THE FOOTAGE CHANGING...

...NONE OF IT MATTERS.

YEAH, LIKE I NEED YOU ASSHOLES, ALWAYS ACTING LIKE I'M STUPID. MOTHER-FUCKERS...

BEEF JERKY

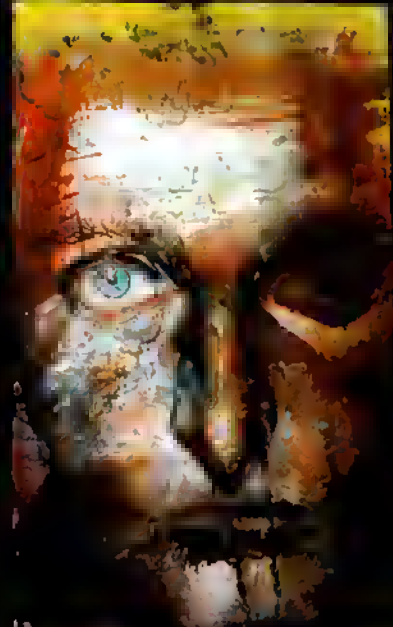


SOMEONE PUT
THIS SHIT ON THE
WALLS. LIKE *WHO?*
WHY DIDN'T *HE*
JUST SELL THE
ANSWERS?

HOW DO YOU
KNOW IT'S THE
RIGHT ANSWERS?
COULD MAKE UP
ANY FUCKING
THING...

I—

OMG



WHAT THE
FUCK WAS
THAT?




FUCK'D
YOU DO
THAT
FOR?



OWWW...
MY LIP...
THINK I—



~GUFFF~



THAT THING
IN YOUR MOUTH.
NOT *SUPPOSED*
TO RUN WITH SHARP
OBJECTS. DIDN'T
ANYONE EVER
TEACH YOU
ANYTHING?



LOOK, IT'S
NOT *SAFE*, WE
NEED TO—



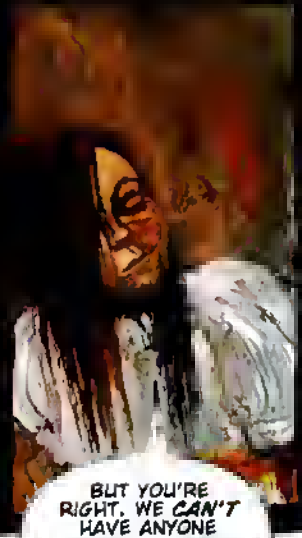
HEY!



DIDN'T I
TELL ALL
OF YOU?



NO EATING
BEFORE
BEDTIME!




BUT YOU'RE
RIGHT. WE *CAN'T*
HAVE ANYONE
LEAVING. I GUESS
NOW WE'RE GONNA
HAVE TO *CLEAN*
THIS UP.



"THEN WE CAN
PLAY SOME
GROWN-UP
GAMES."

NOW,
LAURYN, I'VE
BEEN GOING
OVER YOUR
FILE.

FUCK!
WHAT THE...



I KNOW. THIS MUST SEEM DISORIENTING. I **APOLOGIZE** FOR THAT. BUT THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME AND IT'S **IMPERATIVE** THAT WE SPEAK.

LAURYN JANE LAROACHE. SEVENTEEN. YOU HOLD YOURSELF **RESPONSIBLE** FOR YOUR SISTER'S MURDER. AND THERE ARE ALL YOUR **OTHER** ISSUES... HMMM...

THIS ISN'T... ISN'T HAPPENING...

YOU **REALLY** SHOULDN'T HAVE COME TO SILENT HILL.

NO!

LAURYN, MY ANALYSIS IS THAT YOU BELIEVE THIS LIFE, THIS **REALITY**, IS ALL THERE IS.

THAT'S HOW I USED TO FEEL. **SKEPTICAL**. BELIEVE ME, I UNDERSTAND. BUT I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT **BELIEF**. I'M TALKING ABOUT EMPIRICAL FACT.

HERE. LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT I **REALLY** AM...

"...WHAT YOU
MIGHT *BECOME*."

GAH! I'M,
I'M BACK,
I'M—

MMMMPHNNN

PAYNE, OLIVER FOCH, JUNIOR VARSITY, RECORDS DORIS DAY MOVIES AND BLUBBERS LIKE AN OLD WOMAN WATCHING THEM AT FOUR IN THE MORNING WHEN HE THINKS NO ONE SEES. CLOWN TOLD ME.

HEY, WHAT IS IT? YOU OKAY?

WHAT... WHAT IS IT THEY CALL IT WHEN YOU'RE SEEING THINGS THAT AREN'T THERE?

SERIOUSLY FUCKED UP.

THANKS.

BARELY REMEMBER COMING HERE. CLOWN HOLDING MY HAND ON THE DRIVE. A WEIRD CAROUSEL OUTSIDE...

WHAT THE FUCK'S GOING ON?

NO, WAIT. LISTEN... WHEN ARE YOU GONNA TELL HIM?

CLOWN? YOUR BROTHER?

COME ON LAURYN. WHEN?

NO ONE HERE TO SEE. SENT EVERYONE ELSE TO CHECK OUT OTHER HOT SPOTS IN TOWN.

IF YOU DON'T, I'M GONNA

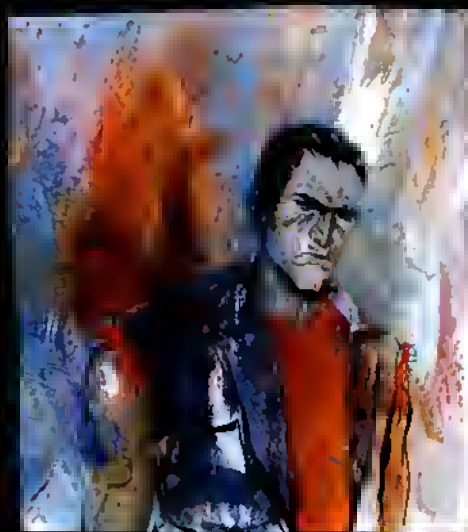
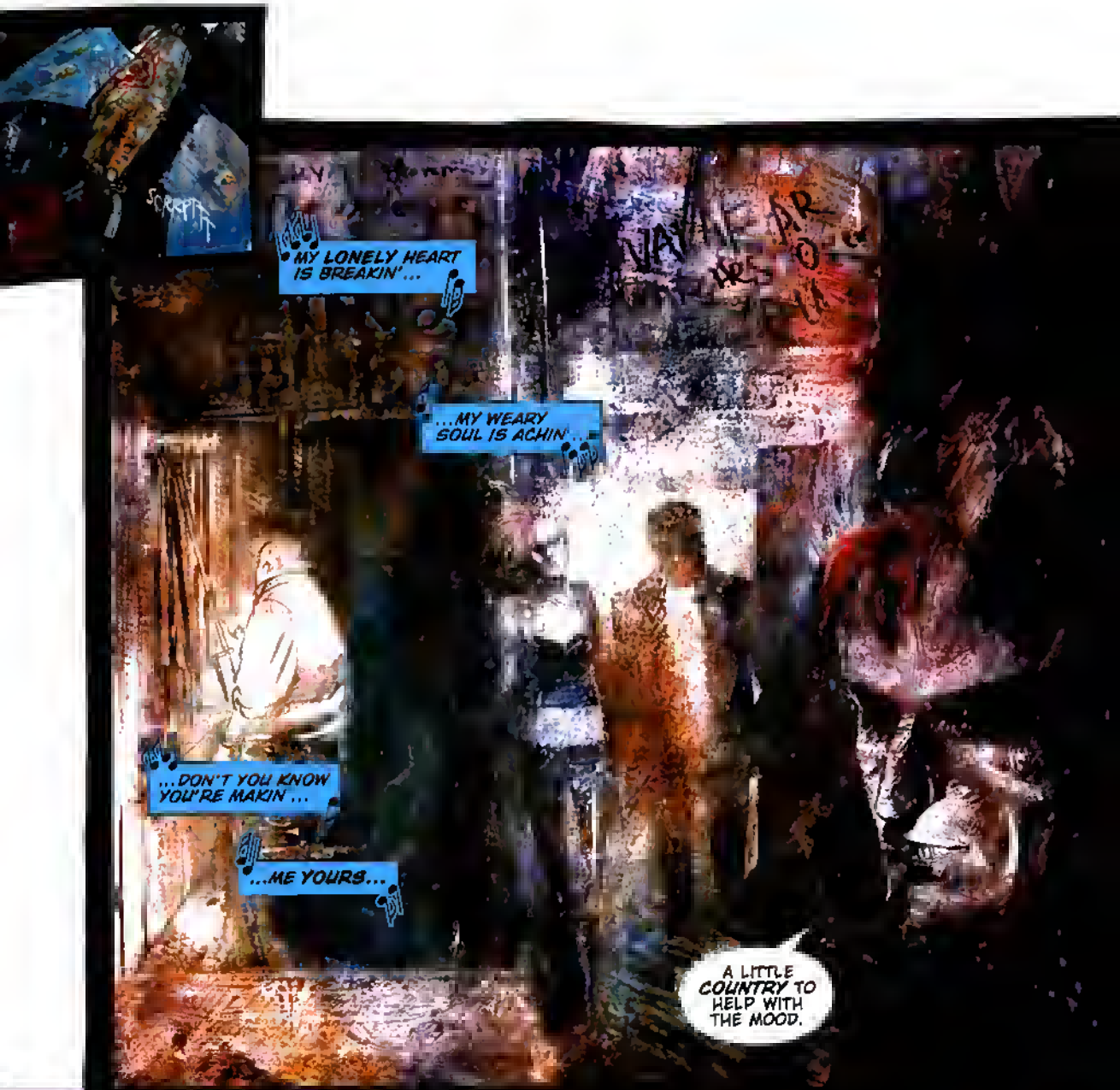
PAYNE... CHECK THE DRAMA AT THE DOOR. YOU KNOW WHAT I TOLD YOU...

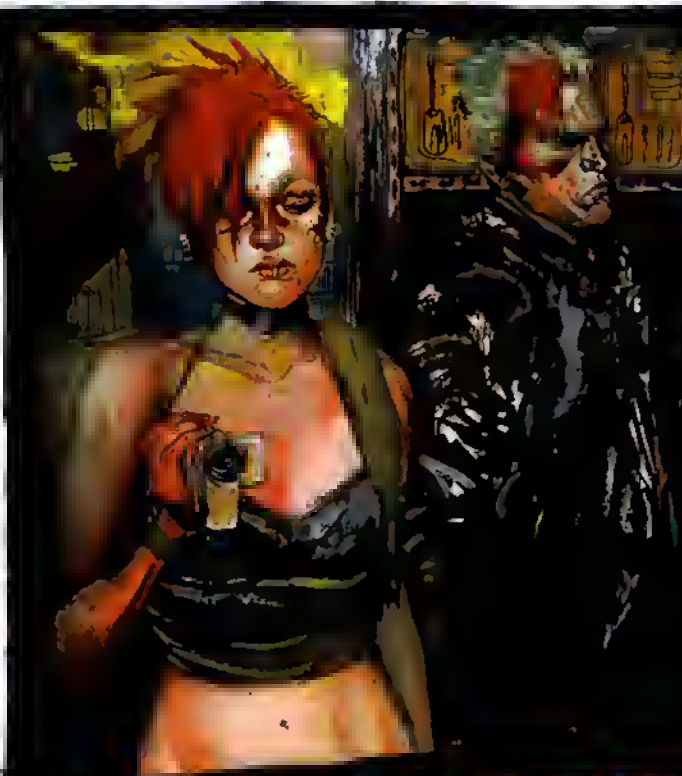
THIS ISN'T SOME FUCKING MOVIE

NO. THIS IS... FUN, BUT IF YOU CAN'T HANDLE IT—

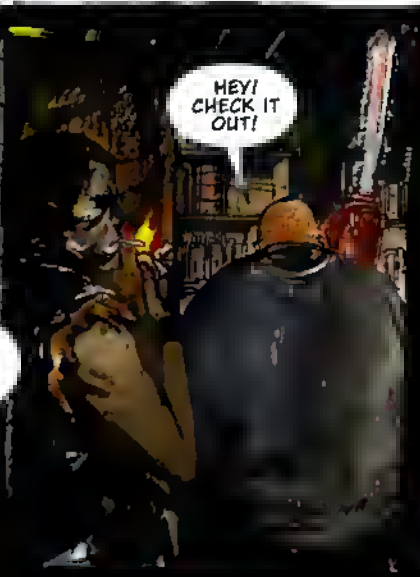
WHAT THEY SAID IN THAT OLD MOVIE: "I'LL BE ANYONE OR ANYTHING YOU WANT... JUST DON'T CROSS ME AND WE'LL BE FINE AS A SUMMER'S DAY."

FOUND SOMETHING!





IT'S A
PIRATE'S LIFE
FOR ME...



HEY!
CHECK IT
OUT!



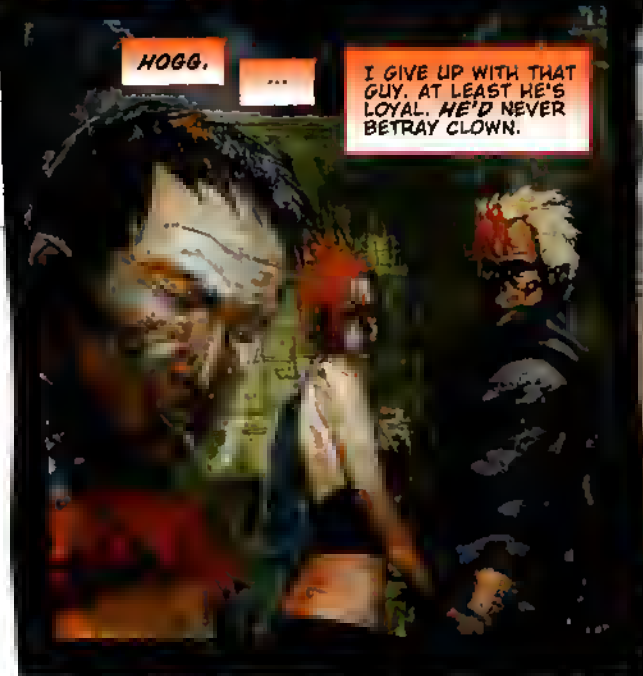
RODD
MAY
MAY
MAY



YAHHH!

FUCKFUCKFUCK

AW, JESUS,
SO FUCKIN'
HEAVY. HOW'RE
YA SUPPOSED TO,
UH, CAN'T TURN IT
OFF... FUCK!



HOGG.

...

I GIVE UP WITH THAT
GUY. AT LEAST HE'S
LOYAL. HE'D NEVER
BETRAY CLOWN.



MY HEART IS
LONESOME...

CHE CHE CHE

...LOVIN'...

...WHEN I DON'T
GET SOME...

KRAK

SNK

SNK

...FROM YOU...

THE MUSIC
FADES. IT'S
GONE.

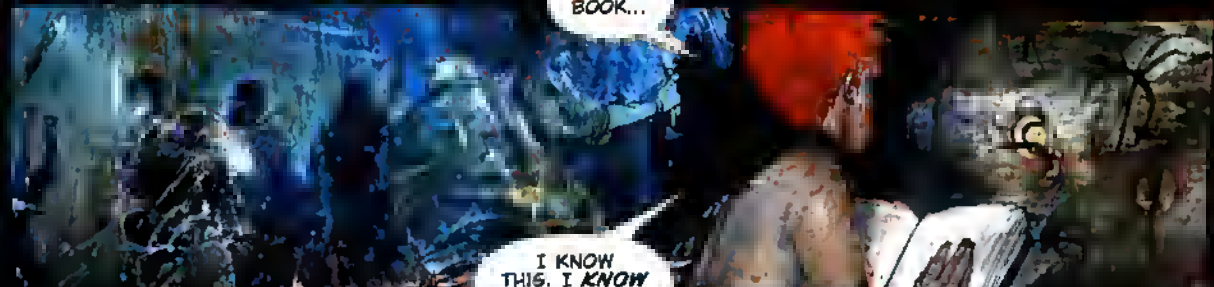
WHAT...
WHAT'S...

EVERYTHING
ELSE STAYS.

JUST FIND
SOMETHING
THAT'LL CUT.



THE
BOOK...



I KNOW
THIS. I *KNOW*
THIS ONE. JUST
HAVE TO...



SCREEEE
HAAAAA
HOOO



SHIT.

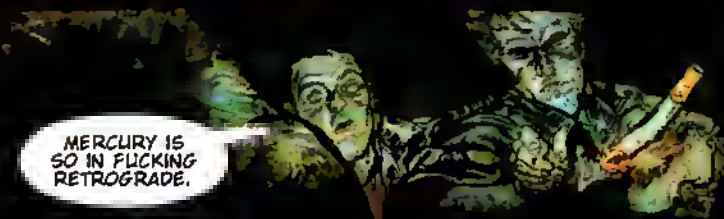




LIGHTER
FLUID.
NICE.



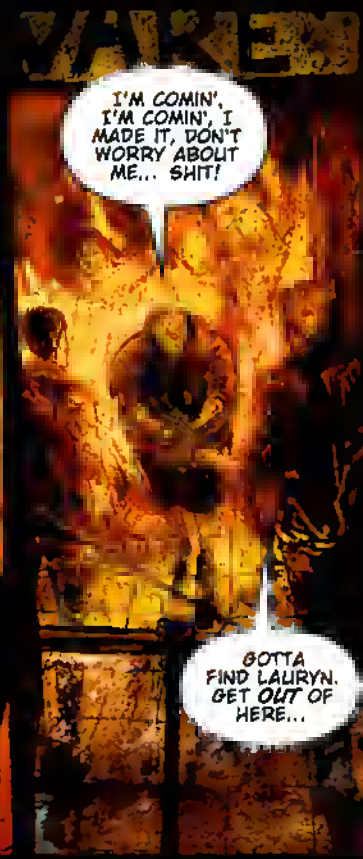
MERCURY IS
SO IN FUCKING
RETROGRADE.



FFFF-WHHH-HOOOHHHH




I'M COMIN',
I'M COMIN', I
MADE IT, DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
ME... SHIT!



GOTTA
FIND LAURYN.
GET OUT OF
HERE...



OH, NO,
NO, NO, NO.



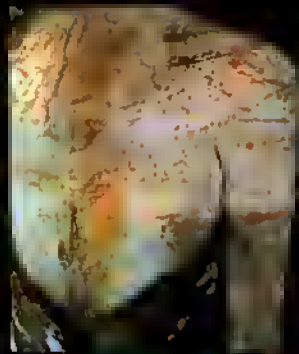
NONE OF
YOU ARE GOING
ANYWHERE.



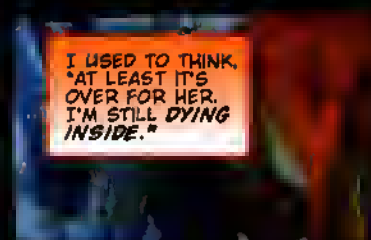
AND DON'T
WORRY...



...YOUR FRIENDS ARE ALL GETTING THE MESSAGE RIGHT NOW, TOO.



WHEN I DREAM,
I DREAM IT'S ME
THEY'RE DOING
IT TO, NOT MY
SISTER. WE BOTH
DIED THAT DAY.



I USED TO THINK,
"AT LEAST IT'S
OVER FOR HER.
I'M STILL DYING
INSIDE."



YOU CAME
HERE OF YOUR
OWN FREE WILL.
THAT WAS THE
FIRST
REQUIREMENT.



YOU'VE GOT
THE QUESTIONS.
THAT BOOK'S NOT
DESTROYED, I
CAN FEEL IT.

YOU'VE GOT
THE ANSWERS.
THE WRITING'S
ON THE WALL.

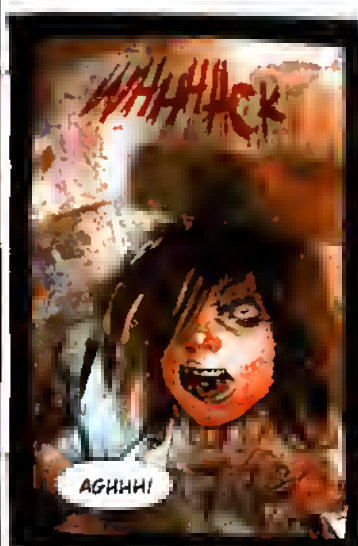
IT'S WHETHER
OR NOT YOU'RE
GOING TO BE SMART
ENOUGH TO KNOW
WHAT TO DO WITH
THEM THAT'S THE
REAL ISSUE.



I'M BETTING
YOU WILL. THAT'S
THE GAME. PART OF
IT, ANYHOW. THE
ONLY PART THAT
MATTERS.



YOU'VE
OPENED A DOOR
BY COMING HERE.
THERE'S NO GOING
BACK. I'M HERE TO
MAKE SURE OF
IT. I—



AGHHH!



I DON'T HAVE THAT
DREAM ANY MORE.

CHRISTABELLA.

WELL.

IT'S ABOUT
FUCKING TIME.

LAURYN!
BIG SIS!

WHEN YOU'RE LOOKING AT
THE DEAD, AND THE DEAD
ARE LOOKING RIGHT BACK
AT YOU, THEN DREAMS,
FANTASIES... WHAT'S THE
POINT? YOU'RE ALREADY
LIVING A NIGHTMARE.

EITHER IT
KILLS YOU OR
YOU KILL IT.

TOO BAD,
CHRISTABELLA...

I'M GOING FOR THE
SECOND OPTION.

TO BE CONTINUED

ANOTHER
QUALITY SCAN
BY
RESIN

D
C
P

It all comes from Luke 22:35-38, a segment from a missively group authored work without hardly a scrap of actual provenance known collectively as The New Testament. Apparently Jesus gave very specific orders to his disciples after the Last Supper. They were off on a mission. And they were to each take a moneybag, a knapsack, and a sword. "He who has no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one."

Jesus says sidearms
are good, Official